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And no drums will rumble and rattle
And no flutes blow sharp and shrill
In the valleys that knew the battle
Nor atop the low high hill,
Till the silent stars know the story
And the broad sky of the day
Dance and Whispers low of their glory
To those men of low and sorry.

And we became like them are weeping,
 He murmurs under and proud
 With clouds for the land of their sailing
 Or earth for their feet that cannot
 Yet the twilight of the day is long
 With the sun which is the day,
 And the strong light now is which
 Over the mass of blue and green.

There are no more graves in the thickets,
In the thicket and the plain,
Of the young exiles and the pickets,
Yet they did not fall in vain.
Though their names may not be engraven
And their places in the fray,
In our hearts now each finds a haven—
For who were the bold and brave

For the God of hidden is kindly
With some of man's own pain
That is a secret but not hidden—
And those grown old of sorrow's file
Have their kinds of nature's scheme
Known and tried in proud array
Through six centuries long and tender,
Thought they were the line and goal

Where moss weaves the gloom that wrangles
 Bonds the peace song of the thrush,
 And the roots and vines are tangled
 In the saltpetre, sacred bush;
 Where the canon one day would hurtle
 Their missiles in the fray
 Green the rue and the creeping myrtle
 Over the graves of blue and grey.

They are nature's hands that are throwing
The flowers on each mound;
It is God's own beautiful doing
That each unknown grave is found
Where the cypress leaves are aglow,
Where peaks lift through the day,
Where the forest sighs to the stars
Of the unknown blue and gray.

The
Sharpshooter
in the
Civil War

A look at the other side, the living side, of the old soldiers' great day presents something of good cheer as well as a surprising fact—that of the extreme youth of the army of the Union in those days when the life of a nation was at stake.

The war dragged well over modern times was fought. It is now realized, by boys in their teens or barely out of their teens. The records of the war and boys' departments show that of the enlistments 1,151,438 were at the age of eighteen years or under, and 2,778,295 the enlistments were at the age of twenty years or under, while only 419,531 of the total 3,778,295 enlistments were at the age of twenty-two years and over.

In decorating the graves of the dead and in honoring the living soldiers of '61 the whole nation renews yearly the inspirations of patriotism. This year there were 1,000,000 boys in the country who saved into their hands a million of the heroic "boys" of '61, and we are just coming to see that they really were boys, and boys well worth remembering—those who have answered the roll call and who are yet with us in the battles of peace.

Con no place of soldiers as little actually known as of the church-shooter. At best there was desperate work. They were obliged often to fight from their regiments, without any chance of assistance, perhaps literally surrounded by the enemy. And when the end came for one of them he must die alone, and in thus he would be marked "missing" on the books and never trace of him would be lost. C. H. Gittinand, a famous shot in his day, a just, vigorous soldier, a hero of the Philippino war, has been of many stirring adventures of the fighting life. Froelichsburg.

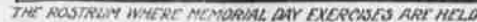
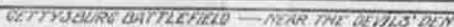
"Few civilians or soldiers either, for that matter, can realize what it meant to be a sharpshooter in such a battle as Fredericksburg," said Mr. Guismond, in recalling his experiences. "I never knew what it was to fight beside any one. I had to follow my detachment practically alone."

During the battle of Fredericksburg I with two other sharpshooters was detailed in pick off a negro sharpshooter, a Confederate, who had been working havoc among our men. We got a glimpse of him now and then, but nothing more. He was a crack shot and had brought down many of these privates. In order to get within range of him we had to go far beyond our picket lines and beyond any chance of assistance. This general region was well within range of the enemy, a position which too dis-

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ILINX is perhaps no other spot in town where the observance of Memorial Day is characterized by the significance of Gettysburg. No visitor can traverse, at any season of the year, the scene of the greatest struggle in the most momentous civil war of all history and not gain a new conception of the Titanic forces which here enacted the climax of a five-year war drama, but at Memorial Day the lessons and the significance of this immense battlefield take on a yet deeper meaning.

And yet to me it clothed in the fresh green of the twentieth century spring one would never suspect, save for the reminders of the hundreds of monumental marble and granite biers, that this quiet landscape was a recent half century ago the heart of one of the fiercest desolate battles in the world's history. It seems today as though it might have merely been chosen as a site for Memorial Day services because of its natural beauty. Similarly would the thousands of patriotic pilgrims who send their way hither every Decoration day be well justified in the journey were there no historic attractions whatever to draw them, for one might travel for days in the

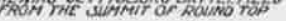


country or abroad without finding a more picturesque or more richly verdant rolling country than is embraced in the wonderful panorama which spreads out at the foot of the nightster as he gazes from the summit of Little Round Top—the commanding position of this whole great battlefield.

But by all its natural beauty it is the sentiment of its historic background that serves as the magnet which draws a great throng thither from all sections of the country on Memorial day. They come by train—although Gettysburg is not the most accessible of historic spots; they come by stagecoach, or even by wagon from a wide radius of country. They come by automobile, and they surround the battlefield, and finally they come by themselves, for, as it is explained, Gettysburg has become in four years a most popular objective with motor tourists who find in the great park a recreation which now perpetuates the battlefield as a network of the finest roads in America—highways which it is a sheer delight to motor over, and which, as the tourists go, they could dismiss the subject of the historic events and localities are viewed by the roadside.

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Incidentally it may be added that the introduction of the motor car has greatly facilitated things for the tourist who is desirous of seeing Gettysburg battlefield in the limited time for which Americans are famous in their engineering. Indeed by keeping continually on the road from morning until night, with only a brief stop for lunch, a tourist may obtain an excellent idea of Gettysburg and the battle which was fought there.



burg battlefield in a single day. Of course on such a schedule he cannot really study the geography with relation to

A magnificent park has now been constructed which encloses the widest limits of the battlefield and the erection of monuments and markers still goes on. In the soldiers' cemetery alone there are four hundred and thirty-one tablets and more than one thousand markers have been set up at a cost aggregating several millions dollars. When the present scheme of roadways is completed there will be between 100 and 150 miles of fine macadamized highway extending to every part of the battlefield, while free automobile travel will be made possible. The field enable sightseers to enjoy the bird-eye views which are so helpful in studying the battle.

It is the battlefield
acres which through
each year. Hence
to devotion day is
and there are not
as might be supposed
the graves of the
died, graves on Gettys-
and other occasions
burg focus the eyes
to the cases when the
tee delivers the ad-
ing, as President Taft
President Roosevelt
all of our presidents

understand the movements of the opposing forces
that made up the farling battle line.

The cemetery, in dedicating which Abraham
Lincoln delivered the immortal address familiar
to every American, originally contained the bodies
of 31,000 men who fell from the ranks of the
field, where they had been hastily buried. The
number of graves has been greatly increased since
that date and there is yet ample space for the
veterans who may desire to rest at the scene
of the supreme struggle between the Union
and the Confederacy. One of the features of
the national cemetery is the very grand—
a memorial shrine for the dead who sleep around
it. This is used for the exercises held each
Memorial day.

The little of Gettysburg is of comparatively recent date that vivid reminders of it are to be found on all sides. The little dwellings, occupied as headquarters by Generals Meade and Lee respectively are yet standing in an excellent state of preservation; the earthworks on Cemetery Hill are yet fresh. Culp's Hill still holds its position, and there are no doubt hidden borders are to be seen on every hand as they lie. Plans have also been made for the accurate restoration of these portions of the field such as the famous peach orchard which figured conspicuously in the battle but were obliterated or lost much of their old-time semblance in the days following the war and before the launching of the project perpetuating the battlefield as one of the most interesting sight centers in American history.

A book enjoyed by present-day youth in Germany that will be fondly missed by those night-seers who come a generation hence in the presence of the battlefield as guides of veterans who participated in the thick of the fighting. To hear these men recount their personal experiences and the perils cut by the aid of undimmed memory every locality that figured in the grand battle of the war is to gain an impression more vivid and thrilling than can be hoped for by those who must depend for their knowledge of this military drama upon what they may have read in the histories.

CAUSE.

"Last night I dreamed I was dead."
"It was a dreadful dream."

CAUSE

"Last night I dreamed I was dead."